THE
Lord Chancellors Villanies
Discovered.
Or, His *Rise* and *Fall* in the Four Last Years.

Tune of, Hey brave popery, &c.

1.

GOod people, I pray now attend to my Muse,
I'le sing of a Villain I cannot abuse,
The Halter and Axe no such men will refuse;
Sing hey brave Chancellor, *oh fine* Chancellor,
delicate Chancellor, *oh.*

2.

'Tis he was the cause of the Nations dismay, (day
He hath e'er been a Knave from his birth to this
To see the sot hang'd we will make Holiday:
sing hey brave Chancellor, &c.

3.

And first I will shew what he is in grain;
I care not a pin for the boobee's disdain,
His deeds now in brief unto you I'le proclaim:
sing hey, &c.

4.

He was the Inventer of Oate's punishment,
From Newgate to Tyburn, and thither he sent,
To have him well whipt he gave his consent;
sing hey brave, &c.

5.

The good Mr. Cornish did innocent die,
And all by this Chancellor's curst Villany;
His blood now from Heaven for Vengeance doth cry;
sing hey, &c.

6.

He was the first Author that open'd his Jaws
To take off the Test and Priviledge Laws;
The beheading of Russel, 'twas he was the cause.
sing hey, &c.

7.

Then next to the *West* he hurried with speed,
To murther poor men, a very good deed,
He made many honest mens hearts for to bleed.
sing hey, &c.

8.

The prisoners to plead to his Lordship did cry,
But still did make answer, and thus did reply,
We'll hang you up first, and then after we'l try:
sing hey, &c.

9.

Against their petitions then he stopt his Ears,
And still did creat all their doubts and their fears,
He left the poor Widows and Children in tears;
sing hey, &c.

10.

He was the Inventer that first did promote
That place call'd the Ecclesiastical Court,
And thither he made the poor Clergy resort:
sing hey brave Chancellor, &c.

11.

Of Magdalen-College he thought it most fit
To turn out the Fellows, a very fine trick,
And place Father Walker, that curst Jesuite.
sing hey brave, &c.

12.

Then next to the *Tower* our Bishops he packt,
And swore he had done a very good act,
But now shall be try'd for the matter of fact.
sing hey, &c.

13.

And when that the Bishops were brought to be tryd
To accept a petition they humbly desir'd;
He swore he would prove it a Libel he cry'd;
sing hey, &c.

14.

What can he say now the *Parliament* sits?
Alas, they will Vote him quite out of his Wits,
They'l make him run mad, or fall into Fits;
sing hey brave, &c.

15.

In *Wapping* he thought for to make his escape,
A very good Jest, but I faith it won't take,
His head on the bridge must be stuck on a stake;
sing hey, &c.

16.

He many seditious Lines hath penn'd,
And sent them to P—— his honest friend;
My Muse she grows weary, and thus she doth end,
With pox o' Chancellor, *villanous* Chancellor,
Damnable Chancellor, *oh.*

London, printed in the Year, 1680.